MR. RICHMOND'S REPLY

TO THE

"STATEMENT"

OF THE LATE BISHOP OF NEW YORK.

None can ruin a man, except himself.

"And shame it is, if that a preest take kepe,
To see a shotten shepherd, and clene shepe:
Wel ought a preest ensample for to yeve,
By his clenenesse, how his shepe shulde live."

NEW-YORK:

BURGESS, STRINGER AND COMPANY.

1845.

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SEYMOUR DURST

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MR. RICHMOND'S REPLY, ETC.

If the sentence of the Ecclesiastical Court had been met with becoming submission on the part of the late Bishop of New York and his friends; nay, had the Bishop alone defended himself, silence would have been my choice. For I would not blame a man about to be hanged, though he should strenuously resist the tightening of the noose around his neck; nor would any one censure him for endeavoring to escape, after having been so *galvanized* by his friends, that he might almost fancy himself recovering from the paralysis into which the too feeble hand of the law had thrown him. In short, had the poor Bishop been left to defend himself, we could forgive him for his misstatements; and I, for one, would be content to overlook even those mistakes or falsehoods, which, under other circumstances, it is thought incumbent on every man to answer, lest his silence should warrant some suspicion of their truth. With the Bishop I never was at war, but with his *deeds;* and how well had it been for him and for us, had his own warfare with those deeds been far greater than mine! Before he was tried, I counted him more worthy to be blamed than pitied; but after his sentence I deemed him "more entitled to pity than blame." Let it not be forgotten, amid the hue and cry which is now raised about "conspiracies, malice, vindictiveness, party vengeance," and other misnomers, I say let it never be forgotten, that *the Bishop has ruined himself*, and that all the machinery which is most falsely said to have been employed against him, would, like arrows shot against a rock, have rebounded upon "the conspirators," if applied to most of the other bishops. And even now, I would silently bear the numerous injurious insinuations and direct attacks made against myself, were it not also attempted, in order to save one guilty man, to involve in a common, but impossible destruction, every person who has so much as dared to lift a hand or stir a foot in his righteous prosecution, slow and deliberate presentment, long, careful, and impartial trial, and in a sentence whose tenderness astonishes the world.

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But the characters of christian witnesses, and blameless bishops, must not be sported with and bandied about with impunity.

Yet all this were insufficient to move my pen again, did I not plainly foresee the end of the effort already begun, viz: to place the old crosier in the same polluted grasp once more. *I now, therefore, declare that that end never can be reached while justice shall live. Unless the Bishop resign, or is by some other means displaced from the Episcopal seat which he has dishonored more than we are yet willing to tell,* HE WILL BE TRIED AGAIN. Let his friends beware then; for they seem, even yet, to have no idea of the irresistible power of truth; and let them not push me forward into a statement of case after case of such delinquencies as will quickly degrade a suspended Bishop.

But the whole affair is one of the most marvellous on record. Who ever yet heard an *innocent* clergyman, so accused, when the whole world did not seem ready forthwith to open upon him like blood-hounds? Why? Because his innocency of life is to them a standing rebuke. But here is a notorious case of convicted *guilt*, and the *congenial* judges, newspapers, priests and laymen seem not only disposed to defend, but sympathetically to urge the acquittal of the condemned criminal; and that, too, in the face of their own *sentence, sermons*, and pseudo-declarations of high-Churchism and *submission* to Episcopal authority! Verily, their *doctrine* of *obedience* tallies with their *practice* of *contumacy*, as this very Bishop's sermon on the *duty* of Fasting in Lent, agreed with the fat viands and good wines at his Ash-Wednesday dinner! We recommend this fact to three or four correspondents in the Churchman, whose *talk* on "sackcloth and ashes" is just about as near to their daily *life*. Perhaps one of the commandments might be as constantly read to the people, and also broken. What sermons, essays, &c., (*never signed with the initials, B. T. O., till of late,*) are now put forth with the very reasonable expectation of deceiving the vulgar with mere words! We are also bidden, in good sooth, to wait for the publication of the testimony, in order that the mob may pass an "intelligent judgment" on a case already settled by the ultimate tribunal!

There is another thought which has occupied me much of late. It is this. Not a single individual has moved in this matter, especially *against* the late dignitary, who has had one right motive ascribed to him by the other side. Now, knowing this trait of humanity beforehand, I made no asser-

tions, in the first pamphlet, about my own motives, conscience, feelings, duty, etc. I omitted all this designedly; for I knew very well that if these were all as pure as heaven, not one of the depraved sons of men on the other side, (and thereby the sons of men prove their depravity,) would give me credit for any but the worst and lowest motives. The event has proved me correct. The Rev. Paul Trapier wrote his Statement like a *Christian*, and it has been unmercifully abused and torn to pieces. Of course I mean all this has been feebly attempted. I wrote mine like a *man*, intending it to act as a deserved castigation, and though so insignificant that it sold (as one of the papers has it,) at the rate of some thousand a day, it has, on the whole, commanded that respectful deference which a pupil pays to his master's horsewhip.

But suppose now, as to motives, I should say something which is really true: i. e. that I never would have connected myself with this sad affair, had I not felt that all *temporal dignities and honors* are unspeakably less than nothing, when compared with the salvation of an *immortal soul;* that I firmly believed, while on the Episcopal, and all but Papal throne lately occupied, one was on the road to eternal ruin; and that, if displaced, he might become a penitent old man yet, and come and sue with suitable humility some obscure parish priest, whose family he had attempted to dishonor, for permission to be received into communion again, as the repentant emperor, Theodosius, stood bare-foot at the door of the Cathedral and supplicated Ambrose to admit him within those holy precincts, which by sin he had dishonored. I repeat, suppose I should say this; how high would the city have to stretch her mind before she could comprehend it, to say nothing of her believing it? Or what if I should assert, that I once actually counted my own motives to be pure and sincere, until I remembered the Scripture, "the heart is deceitful?" Now, therefore, if this Scripture be true, I cannot judge my own motives, and since it is absolutely certain that no one else *can* know them, I shall leave them here, as I left them there, unexplained. But hundreds have heard me speak in this manner; and Dr. Milnor had a note from me, in which I say, "May not degradation save his soul?" Besides, it has always been true, since I was first compelled to do my duty, that I have looked back upon many acts of my life with unmingled joy, but upon *this* with a full conviction of its necessity, yet with such pain as made me often exclaim,

"The times are out of joint, O cursed spite,
That I was ever born to set them right."

Not with more earnest desire did that unfortunate prince, who felt bound to avenge a father's bloody fate on the guilty usurper, look back to the cloistered studies of Wittemberg, than I looked to the retirement of the delightful cottage, the study, the books, the prattlers, and the missionary labors in Rhode Island, from the stormy sea of excitement into which the loud and distinct voice of stern and unflinching duty called me. Believe it, misrepresent it, laugh at it, it is nevertheless true; and though Sparta has a hundred better sons, yet it is equally true that she has lately had but one who was willing to offer his head for the salvation of the followers of the false Prophet; and but one who was bold enough to do just what I have done. I yield them the palm in learning, in genius, in talent, in eloquence of pen and tongue, above all, in goodness, in almost every quality;—but in self-devotion, and in moral courage, (as they call it, for to me it seems nothing,) I believe neither enemies nor friends will deny it to me. I follow a great example, when "I speak as a fool." I am perfectly aware in what manner all that I have now said will be distorted and misrepresented by enemies, and strangers to me. But I have this comfort: my enemies, who are acquainted with me, will outwardly abuse what they internally confess to be true; and for strangers I do not write. But let me now address myself more directly to

An Answer to some Misstatements by the Bishop and others.

The Bishop at the commencement of his address (which I reply to, be it remembered, only on account of his unwise and contumacious upholders,) observes, the proceedings of his last convention afforded "a very special proof of the kindest feelings of confidence and affection on the part of the clergy and laity of the diocese towards their Bishop." Why then did they vote for *principles*, 80 to 20 *with him;* but on *his salary* no vote could be obtained?

He complains of receiving no "warning caution or admonition." Did not Bishop Brownell admonish him years ago? Did not the Rev. Dr. Milnor administer to him a most sharp and severe rebuke in the case of the meek, mild, forgiving, and now, for those very qualities, the abused Mr. Beare? Indeed, perhaps there never was an individual in whom the

words of Solomon were more fully verified, "He that being often reproved hardeneth his neck, shall suddenly be destroyed, and that without remedy;" for this Scripture, "Pride goeth before destruction, and a haughty spirit before a fall," would be perhaps quite as apt a quotation when applied to the anonymous writers in the Churchman, as to him who once settled laymen with a Papal mace.

Let it be clearly understood, that I have always mentioned the Bishop of Connecticut, in order to show how sorrowfully, against his friend, yet how surely also, against what is called his party, he was compelled to listen to the voice of truth. It defends him too, against the most abusive anonymous paragraph that ever came from the muddy banks of a filthy stream. "Apud Salices Lyra?" A harp upon the willows? indeed! Say rather, a croaker from the bulrushes; for, let it be noted, this estimable and learned and blameless Bishop has ever been in high favor with the Churchman, for his unyielding church principles and his steady hand as a champion, until, forsooth! he too, venerable alike for years and discretion, and ever, from his boyhood upward, a peace-maker, he too must perish, if his verdict, under conscience, disagree with the Papal thunders of that weekly sheet, which is determined to pull down ruin upon itself, as well as attempt it upon all its opposers. I made a fair contract to be still, if they would; but they will not; and in the battle I shall most assuredly gain the victory. The cowards! how valiantly they shoot from behind their anonymous wall! ever leaving us in doubt whether half the articles written for the Bishop's own paper, in the Bishop's defence, do not emanate directly from the Bishop's pen. At any rate, he reads, commends and amends them all. I have some secrets on hand about the Bishop's newspaper, "official organ," I believe they call it, which I shall not tell till I am pretty severely goaded with its praise.

By a process of *logic* akin to that of "Apud Salices Lyra," i. e. the Frog from the Bulrushes, I should also cut off, as a judge, New-Jersey, because he lived during the very trial in the house of the accused; Western New-York, because his home is in the Bishop's old Diocese; North Carolina, because he spends half his time in the "great city," (great Sodom!) and would gladly be on friendly terms with the Pope; South Carolina, because he lives too far off to know much about it; Maryland, because he is a staunch advocate for the same strong church doctrines (by the way the whole six are of *one party*, which, mark! is not the case with the eleven); and the

North-West, because he has since doubted about his vote. Observe, this episode is only to shew how easily the tables are turned on such an absurd *Rana*, and the most absurd reasons have been intentionally chosen. I could make quite a pretty book out of the *twistifications* which have recently *bloomed* in the Bishop's weekly ;—*weakly* it will be, soon enough, if it gives room to many such sad sounds from the rushes.

Must I defend Bishop Meade too ? No, let his unassailable life defend him ! Would I could say so of all the men who cried, "*not guilty*," and then *all but* hung, they did "*suspend*" *the guiltless.* Let that fact be written with a pen of iron on the rock of Justice, to be obliterated never ! No statement of the minority can weigh a feather against it, forever.

It would be folly to batter down again that absurd "conspiracy" card-house which the Metropolitan attempts to build up, (after its double overthrow,) by shewing that the whole of the Bishop's declaration about me, on that score, is either untrue or exaggerated. Let it not be forgotten that in all conversations where only two of us were present, I shall insist upon my right, arising from the fact that I never have been proved guilty of "*telling stories.*" My "erratic peculiarities" I gratefully admit, and thank my stars ! that I am not so *hum-drum* as most other people, who walk with pious care in their forefathers' steps, just as some farmers always plant their potatoes in the old way, because it was good enough for their grandfathers. Now I remember, in a representation of all the poets, the great German master makes them walk in two columns, treading exactly each in the steps of the foremost, but in the midst, with nobody before, and nobody behind him, saunters one along, pretty much at his leisure, and taking his own course, without asking anybody in the two columns to shew him the way ; and lest some literary dandy should undertake to say that I am disposed

Magna componere parvis,

I will not tell him who the bard was, but send him to Goethe, (I mean a translation, for *him*,) to find out, in Wilhelm Meister, that poet's name.

The bishop, in his "Statement," says, "Mr. Richmond had but a few weeks before, called on me, and expressed a warm desire to return to my diocese, that he might be my friend and stand by me in my troubles."

First, be it remarked, when the General Convention

heard from me on this subject, (Oct. 14) I had been, not a "*few weeks*," but actually *three months* employed under Bishop Henshaw's appointment, as missionary for the diocese of Rhode Island.

He has also mingled my call upon him July 4th, (it will fix this point in his memory, if I mention that I informed him the Washington Hall was then burning,) with another call in August or September which I made, after a conference with Clarence Walworth in reference to my duty of preaching in the German language to the church-less and almost God-less Germans that assemble around Tompkins Square. On the last visit, I said not a word that could be tortured into an implication of a shade of a wish to "return to his diocese." On the contrary, after saying that I was desirous of preaching to the Germans, and felt that I was bound to do so by my ordination vow, 'to seek for Christ's sheep that are scattered in this naughty world,' and that it was not through duty, as I previously told C. W., but for courtesy, that I waited on him, having already, not only a privilege but an obligation thus to officiate, with the consent of the nearest rector or rectors; he asked, on my reference to the Catholic Oak, and what was there accomplished, "My friend, if you are doing so much good in Rhode Island, why not remain there?" I replied, 'I intend to do so; but having one spare Sunday, I thought it would be best to help you and begin here; then, the people who wish to talk, can spend as much of the winter as they like, in discussing the merits of the movement, and the question of my sanity, pro and con, and by next summer they will be tired of the talk, and when I come again, it will be an old story, and the ice will have been effectually broken, and the way prepared for others.' He wittily replied, "I am afraid, my friend, it would freeze over again this winter." Now I meet wit so seldom in the world, that I like to give it free course when it comes; and when one says a witty thing, one does not love to have it go for nothing, so I waited a moment, weighing and appreciating the *bon mot*, and then replied nearly thus, in my stupid way, "Bishop, the ice is of long standing; the neglect of the poor is old and crusty, and do you not think by breaking it up *once* now, the new ice would break more easily next summer?" I have been thus particular in order to show two things, First, that the Bishop's memory on the two calls seems less tenacious (though he really has a capital memory on some subjects,) than mine; and secondly, because I am now going to make a statement which directly contradicts his account of

the interview on the morning of July 4th. I never expressed "a warm desire," nor any desire to "return to his diocese." The very first words (after salutations, &c.) were abruptly, "Bishop, would you like to have me in your diocese?" It would be natural enough if a bishop to whom I was a stranger, should think that this expressed a warm desire to return to his diocese; but one who knew me as well as that dignitary, and to whom I said a moment afterwards, "Bishop, you know that, whether I be nothing or something, I am yet driven to the conclusion that I am, without intending it, *unique*, or by myself:" I say such an one might have understood that the words could mean something else; for I was that moment trying to get an opportunity to caution him in such a way as a presbyter may caution a bishop. Now mark: I have been often blamed for *not* having gone to him and privately advised him like a brother; and yet I am well satisfied that the very same *consistent* people who have said that I ought to have done this, will now cry out, "Shame upon the presumption which could think that a presbyter, under any circumstances, might admonish a bishop!" Such is the consistency of these schismatics.

But if any man thinks it easy privately to admonish a dignitary, before bringing him to trial, I will simply say, *that* man is bolder than I, or has never tried; and that the nearest approach I could then make was this, "Bishop, I am nothing, and you are in a high station; but are you aware that it is in my power to render you more service than any presbyter?" I had not the least intention of saying that *I would* render it, but wished to lead him to ask, "What do you mean, sir?" as an innocent man would ask after an *emphatic*, (by *look* and *gesture*,) significant expression of this kind; and then, I should have told him the whole. But he blushed, and was silent.

The bishop must remember that I said expressly I would not take such a parish as Mechanicsville, and I am sorry to be obliged to add that he also said, "there are no vacancies beside in the diocese." How many vacancies were there in the diocese on July 4th? for the next week or sooner I went to visit my friends in Troy, and found St. John's church was and had been, long vacant; but I really had so *cold* a desire of being in his diocese, that I did not move a finger towards inquiring into the condition or prospects of that eligible parish. Nevertheless, most of my friends in that region know that Troy is, in my estimation, one of the favored spots of

the earth, and that I count it one of the most desirable residences in this country.

In addition, the Rev. Mr. Ward, now, or recently, of Rhode Island, remembers that when he requested me to call with him on the bishop of New-York, then on a visit at the house of A. Duncan Esq., in Providence, at the time Dr. Henshaw was consecrated (June 1843) I absolutely refused to show any civility, in my native city, to a man whom but a month before I had found to be so guilty. As bishop, in New-York, I might call on him; but in my own home I wished it to be understood, that I could not let myself down to visit him. I have often said, I should be sorry to be in his diocese, and to this, there are many witnesses in Rhode Island, whose word is fully equal to that of him who mingles visits, forgets, calls three months a "few weeks," and states there "are no vacancies" in his diocese.

His second charge, is that I have expressed myself *hostile* to him on *account* of the letter to the Archbishop of Canterbury. This I before denied, and again deny: and challenge him or any man to produce places and persons.

On leaving his door I said to myself, 'you do not wish me in your diocese; but I can't have you in yours.'

As to the charge of hostility against him on account of the Germans in Tompkins Square, that was a month or two later; and I had then made up my mind to procure his presentment as soon as possible. Of course, I was no longer so guarded in what I said, as I had been, after my arrival from England, "not to speak evil of dignities," through personal motives. I had this advice in a letter from a presbyter-friend, resolved to abide by it, and kept my resolution. It is not "*speaking evil*" to tell the truth in matters that nearly concern the welfare of the Church. Besides, the bishop says in his letter to the three presenters, "you have thus been the means of creating the public rumor;" (and so elsewhere.) Can he really be thus deceived? Does he not know that it is a current opinion that these old rumors, or rather some known facts, were one moving cause which hastened the separation of Western New-York, where his conduct has been yet more exceptionable, from the ancient diocese? Where is the presbyter who walked on the banks of the Hudson, and related to a fellow clergyman that gross insult to his family, (worse than any on the trial,) which will yet be dragged to the light, unless all parties make up their minds to abandon so forlorn a hope as this man's *restoration?* Where

is the lady in Bond-street who related to me her daughter's refusal to be confirmed these four years? Where the bevy of young ladies on Long Island who declared, if the spiritual father was coming, they could escape by wearing dresses high in the neck? Must we be compelled, as it seems to be intended, to dig out the whole of this ditch? Where is the other young lady on York Island, who long refused to be confirmed, and at last actually tittered, as she went up, at the sad and yet ludicrous idea, that he might make a mistake, through old habit? Where are the "butterflies," whom he chased about in a garden not a hundred miles from the city? Where the Quaker lady, who, visiting a family in Philadelphia, where I was kindly entertained a week afterwards, and before any communication had been held with me, declared "we have a very bad bishop in New-York too; for when the young ladies see him coming, along the North River, if alone, they run?" &c. &c. &c., for this is enough for one pamphlet. Let us wait and see if I must write a third statement. It depends altogether upon the behavior of the other side, for I here renew my agreement to be silent, if they are. I promised a presbyter to suppress my first pamphlet if he would suppress the "official organ." But I like my friend, Dr. Seabury, so well, and (if he really does not believe what is proved, which is hardly credible, he behaves so nobly, through "*personal friendship*," that I have a very strong desire to let him off tenderly; but he suffers his correspondents to put too many mad pranks in his paper, of late. He would do much more by *denying* that case of inebriation which I threw out in pamphlet No. 1, and putting me to the proof: for if he could make out that I am wrong in that case, it would go much farther than twenty beautiful, affectionate, un-Catholic, authority-resisting, "reserve"-built, lugubrious sermons, shewing how a man can externally "bow with submission" to the sentence of the Bishops which in his mind "has not the weight of a feather!!" A submission, this, of the body without a soul! Glorious, primitive, Catholic doctrine! O what fun the erudite doctor would make of such a sermon if it had been preached and printed on *the other side!* It makes a wonderful difference whether the resistance emanate from six bishops or from fourteen; especially, forsooth! when the six are "very learned, able men"! Why, the single Bishop of Vermont is actually more accomplished than the six together. We should make sad work of some of the six if we began to balance them off against the fourteen.

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Thus far, before I had seen " the Trial." It has now come to hand. Last evening I glanced over its pages. I confess myself astounded. I had actually stopped the pen above, for fear I should mete out to the six bishops a measure harder than they deserved. But the indignation which lighted down upon them from the hands of Justice and Truth in " the Conspiracy Unravelled," now seems to me, (and I have slept over the matter, and write in the first coolness of the morning,) far less than their sins have merited. How far a more intimate knowledge of such Jesuitical unrighteousness will carry me before sunset, I cannot now tell. But the present aspect of the utter abominations which that trial discloses, compared with a view of the unrepentant, hypocritical and sanctimonious pleadings of the hardened offender, and all these placed by the side of the barefaced and reckless, justice-perverting and heaven-daring " *conspiracy*" of those six party-loving and truth-eschewing judges, would make men tremble for the Church, were she not built upon the Master's promise, as upon the unshaken Rock. But what will their dioceses doom? and how shall these six bishops escape that thunder-storm of righteous indignation which now already blackens the horizon and lowers and growls portentously in the distance! I dare not trust myself on this subject; but turning them over to the deserved chastisement which they and their priestly and laic coadjutors will surely receive at the hands of the world, I would recommend to their notice the following extract, that they may be forewarned as to what may yet ensue.

Here goeth then, the hermit of Engaddi with his flail. " 'I am Theodorick of Engaddi; I am the walker of the desert—I am friend of the cross, and flail of all infidels, heretics and devil-worshippers. Avoid ye, avoid ye! Down with Mahound, Termagaunt, and all their adherents!' So saying, he pulled from under his shaggy garment a sort of flail, or jointed club, bound with iron, which he brandished round his head with singular dexterity, and after swinging his flail in every direction, *apparently* quite reckless whether it encountered the head of either of his companions, finally showed his own strength, and the *soundness of the weapon* (Truth) by striking into fragments a large stone which lay near him."—(*Talisman.*)

We are no Papists, and see plainly that the Bishops in this country begin to require the bridle, the bit and the curb.

Let every presbyter, deacon and layman remember what a primitive Bishop was, and what some of our modern Bishops would gladly be; and let some one or two Bishops bear in

mind that a Higher Power may yet speak to them as He did to Sennacherib, king of Assyria, "I will put my hook in thy nose, and my bridle in thy lips, and I will turn thee back by the way by which thou camest."

Let us turn once more to the metropolitan "statement." The next charge is contained in this period: "He (Mr. Richmond) was now employed for my destruction, and told a clerical brother, the Rev. Mr. Van Bokkelen, that his expenses were paid." Again, "An agent from another distant state was employed," &c.

Now here are two charges, and I will take my oath when desired by any Bishop, or any three clergymen, or six respectable laymen, that they are unqualifiedly false. It is not necessary for *me* to do this, for my word (*I am not proved false yet,*) is as good with gentlemen as an oath. As to the first charge that I was an "*agent*," was "employed," I have already, before it appeared, shewed, by the details in "the Conspiracy," etc., that it *must* be false; and every body who knows anything of me, knows well enough, that I have one besetting sin that will forever hinder me from being any body's "agent," or from being by any body "employed;" and that sin is PRIDE, which first half emptied heaven, and half filled hell; and I shall have more than enough to do, during the remnant of my life, to quell that enemy of Lucifer, son of the morning. An "agent"—"employed," quotha! Go to Rhode Island, go to the old rock where seven generations of my forefathers lie buried; ask that town in the south of the little state, ask old Seconet on that rock where the power of King Philip was broken, whether they ever yet heard of a Richmond's being "employed"? I have not inherited that noble name for nothing; and you weigh it in the balance with a Dutchman's, (that I never mention,) and see whether like Brutus and Cæsar they will "become the mouth as well."

I cannot tell what my brother, "the Rev. Mr. Van Bokkelen," has said about my expenses, but I know one sorrowful fact, and my family knows it to their self-denial, that my expenses never have been paid, and probably never will be. Now, whether it is likely that I would state an untruth, and against myself every way, I leave to the judges. But the Rev. Mr. Van Bokkelen does not seem to remember some things so well as I wish he did. The Rev. Mr. Peck (and some other per-

sons,) told me at Dr. Wainwright's, before that most excellent, valuable and kind friend of mine, whose unwavering steadiness in reproving me, especially where he thought I deserved it, I here gratefully acknowledge, and before the Rev. Mr. Price, that Mr. Van Bokkelen said that I had misrepresented him in my pamphlet. I immediately replied, And am ready to redeem my pledge, that I would go to the deck of that steamboat and shew exactly where we stood facing each other, under a kind of roof, midships, but a little nearer to one side than the other, and state the exact words. After Mr. V. B. had talked with Dr. Taylor, and Dr. T. had left the boat, I said to him "You are going on about Dr. Hawks, I suppose?" He assented, and I told why I was going; he said exactly, "*can we help each other?*" I said "assist" in the pamphlet; using the Latin instead of the stronger old Saxon word which he employed for the same idea. Pamphlet, p. 11. just before this remark, I have said, "I give the substance of remarks, observations &c., and often the words." Now my enemies are welcome to make as much as they can of this discrepancy, for it is all the poor twaddlers have; and it is about as near as they will ever get to making the truth contradict herself. Have they really yet to learn that truth and truth run parallel, like the two sides of a rail-road, and not like the Rev. John Dowdney's testimony. When he sees my letter about what I said in 'the trap' (Episcopal Depository) "before witnesses, &c., in the Express* of Thursday morning, Jan. 30th, he will please compare his testimony with his testimony, and settle

*To the Editors of the Express.—*Providence, January 27th*, 1845. In the Express of the 18th inst., (which I have only this moment seen,) it is stated, by "a Fellow Churchman," that I "solemnly denied," in the presence of witnesses at the Episcopal Depository, what in the pamphlet ("Conspiracy," &c.,) I had stated. Now, I "solemnly deny" any such solemn denial. I knew very well that a letter sent to me from that Depository was a sort of trap; but not being afraid of traps, (for I tell the truth, and *she* always agrees with *herself*,) I went to the "Depository," and beholding the witnesses sitting, one of whom was the Rev. John Dowdney, I knew immediately that the object was to catch me in my words. If *ever*, therefore, I *should* have been guarded in my words. But Truth does not require her words to be guarded. I *did* tell Mr. Butler that "if he would go aside with me I would tell him privately what I saw in the carriage." Was this "*denying*" what I have stated in the Pamphlet?

All who attack me will be so kind as to send me a copy of the paper, for I have too much to do, to run about after the abuse, though I like it, when it comes.

For the information of the curious in such matters, I will simply add, that many "nice" statements and inuendoes made lately, *anonymously*,

that account, before he attempts me, or the world may give him the same title by which a lawyer on his own side has made him immortal.

But in reference to "my expenses," I will now

"A round, unvarnished tale deliver,"

which shall forever dissipate the smoke that my sharp-eyed enemies mistook for a fire. Let them now then, strive to "contemplate the orb of effulgent veracity without the medium of artificial opacity." So goes down, or somehow so, Dr. Johnson's trip-hammer. At any rate his Latinized language is sometimes fully as absurd. However, I am making a little book ready about the gain which Englishmen would get by speaking and writing in the English tongue. So to the tale.—I am now

"Nel mezzo del cammin di nostra vita;"

in other words, I have a year since informed my Bishop that having attained middle life, and having hitherto been "kicked about, and paid the expenses myself to boot," I was determined to lop off one end of the matter, and to continue willing to be abused as before, but to make other people pay the expenses thereof. This is the sole cause, and this was the alarming change in the phases of my moon. To my family *now*, Sum pius Æneas. It was then, the "pious" resolve to enforce the principle which I had adopted, *to grow more selfish*, (inquire of the Rev. Dr. Crocker, who said, on the occasion, "Well, Richmond, that would be something new,") which made me tell every body that my "expenses *should* be paid;" but here the good Bishops and the rest of them have been too many for me; and the whole Court actually dispersed to the four winds, without passing any resolve on the subject, without requesting me to send in my bill; and here am poor I, in the vocative, *minus*—— dollars —— cents.

will perhaps be pleasantly met, by *the fact* that twenty-four gentlemen of the City of New York, (of whom Gulian C. Verplanck, Esq., was one,) have repeatedly appointed me Chaplain of the Lunatic Asylum at Bloomingdale.

Now, I freely and merrily confess myself *crazy*, which I never knew another lunatic willing to do. All *lies* about me are requested not to be *anonymous;* as to the rest, it may be named or nameless.

Yours respectfully, JAMES C. RICHMOND.

P. S. Messrs. Editors, if you do not publish the whole, please (in justice,) make some statement. Pray insert the fact about my five years appointment as Chapal in at Bloomingdale, &c.

There is but one more charge of any importance in the patriarchal "Statement;" and at first sight, it looks like a serious one. But it will soon be seen that all things are also here in order. "The elder, Helen, gives one (affidavit) occupying but a few lines, in which she swears that every word of her sister's oath is true. Jane's oath, however, contained many details of which Helen does not pretend to have been an eye-witness." This apparent defect, which I believed, till now, had escaped the notice even of the acute Mr. Ogden, and of that "nice" lawyer, David Graham, has been discovered by "the most cunning man in the world," except myself; for I saw it soon after the affidavits were made, and stated it to the young ladies. But the elder had undergone so much suffering before she could be induced to see a notary at all, (and this is the reason why the Mayor did not witness both affidavits,) and there was so much danger apprehended by her sister and her family, lest the excitement should permanently injure her health, that I concluded to let such a trifle pass; but observed, "were it a *legal* and not an *ecclesiastical* court, or where technicalities have more place than justice, I would draw the papers over again." But remembering that they were drafted as statements simply for the information of the Presenting Bishops, who, if satisfied of guilt, *could* make the presentment without affidavits, I left this *straw* afloat, and the result shows the truth of the old adage. As if a young woman, who could hardly be induced by her former pastor and her outraged family to bear testimony to the truth, would willingly bear witness to something else! Yet who imagines that she intended to swear to more than her own part of the story, (see Trial, p. 129,) which by me was purposely mingled with her sister's; because at that time the elder positively refused to expose herself by giving any testimony. It was when she saw the Christian resolution of her younger sister that she said, "Let us die together." Besides, who supposes that two Christian sisters, who have been as one person for twenty-five years, and have spent (I speak of *facts*, as their pastor,) a very large share of the last portion, if not of the whole of that time, in works of the truest self-denial, and of Christian charity,—I say who would dare imagine that anything *sworn* to by such a sister, (and the first oath too of their lives,) could in the other's estimation *possibly* be false? Mark her conscientiousness and strict adherence to truth, when she insisted on my adding for her sake, not that Mr. Dowdney "requested us," (as Jane had said,) but "I should

prefer saying that Mr. Dowdney *hinted* at our having the Bishop at dinner." (pp. 129, 130.)

So let all thine enemies, O Truth, perish! As to the posterior cordiality, which it was pretended on the trial, that one of these ladies (the younger, Miss Jane, for as to Miss R. she was wise enough to remain in the organ loft,) shewed the *consecrated insulter of dames*, I have proof on hand to the contrary, which is worth twenty pages of the testimony of the Rev. John Dowdney. I have just discovered it, among my old papers, and shall not ask the excellent lady's permission, (though she may blame me,) for defending her out of her own mouth, and by the most unexceptionable of all witnesses, a private letter. Now observe, in May, 1843, they made to me the sad revelation, and I find the following, in a letter, dated "Echo Hill, Oct. 4, 1843.

"Our Right Reverend Father, *Pope* Benjamin the 1st, was at Newburgh while we were; he heard of it, and sent *me* word, (Helen had returned home.) he was going to call; fortunately he *had* to leave for Monticello on Monday, at 3 o'clock, which rendered it impossible for his *Holiness* to call. What do you think of *that?* Did you *ever* hear of such impudence? I certainly would have run into one of the neighbors, [with whom I became intimate during my stay,] and of course *Mrs.* —— *would have been obliged to entertain him.*"

There it is, unsuspecting, italics and all, except the word *with* before *whom*, in the brackets; and the original, with her consent, I will show to the curious. I fancy this will complete the demolition of the Rev. John Dowdney's testimony.

So much will suffice for Pamphlet No. 2; but let it be borne in mind, that when Jonathan's mother begged him to stand up like a man and fight the British, he dared do all but fire. One gun missing fire attracted no attention from his officer. But when the order, "*ram down cartridges*," was given, Johnny was compelled to do like the rest; and at last went home, he and the British alike, for him, unscathed, but with five cartridges in his gun. "Well, my boy, did you fire at the British?" "Mother, I *dares'nt.*" "Not dare fire at the British? Give me the gun," and so discharging it, the natural rebounding threw the brave dame across the room. Nothing daunted, when her hopeful son cried out, "Mother, are you alive?" she seized the gun again. "O, mother," said Johnny, "pray don't fire again, for there are *four more cartridges in the gun!*"

Cedar Grove, Providence, January 31, 1845.